

THE  
DEFENDERS

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™

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# THE DEFENDERS

ENTER: STARHAWK!



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PRESENTS:

# THE DYNAMIC DEFENDERS!

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# MY MOTHER, THE BADOON!

**QUICKIE SYNOPSIS:** THE DEFENDERS HAVE JOURNEYED TO THE ALIEN- OCCUPIED EARTH OF 3015 A.D. ALONG WITH THE GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY, FREEDOM-FIGHTERS OF THAT ERA. HOWEVER, EARTH'S CONQUERORS, THE LIZARD-LIKE BROTHERHOOD OF BADOON, INTERCEPTED THE TELEPORT SIGNAL CARRYING FOUR OF THE HEROES TO THE PLANET'S SURFACE, THEREBY...

STRANDING  
VANCE ASTRO  
AND VALKYRIE  
ON A WEIRD  
SWAMPWORLD...

DR. STRANGE TIED  
IN TO THE COMPUTER  
OF THE GUARDIANS'  
STARSHIP MYSTICALLY  
SEARCHES FOR HIS  
MISSING ALLIES.  
UNAWARE THAT...

...AND  
MAROONING  
HULK AND  
YONDU ON A  
PLANET OF  
DRUNKARDS  
AND ROBOT  
SLAVES.

THE  
SHIP'S  
BEEN  
BOARDED--

BADOON  
ELITE  
GUARD!!

AND SINCE THAT'S WHERE WE LEFT OFF...  
THAT'S WHERE THE MADNESS BEGINS ANEW!

YOU HAVE ON  
BOARD THIS  
VESSEL SOME  
NEW POWER  
SOURCE...

--A SENSOR  
PROBE MORE  
POTENT THAN  
ANY KNOWN  
WEAPON IN  
YOUR WORLD'S  
ARMENAL.

WE'VE  
COME TO  
CONFISCATE  
IT...  
AND YOU  
REBELS!

SENSOR...  
HE MEANS  
THE SHIP'S  
COMPUTER  
AND

...AND DOC, RIGHT?  
HIS MAGIC IS THE  
POWER SOURCE  
THEY'RE AFTER!

BUT THE  
COMPUTER  
HONK-UP'S  
ALREADY  
TAXING  
HIM TO HIS  
LIMITS.

TRUE, ANY  
TAMPERING  
WITH THE  
MECHANISM  
WOULD  
MEAN  
HIS DEATH.

AND THAT,  
MY FRIENDS,  
WOULD INDICATE...

--WE'VE A  
FIGHT ON  
OUR HANDS!

TWIN BURSTS OF HEAT AND COLD FLY FROM THE CRYSTALLINE HANDS  
OF MARTINEX, GOLE SURVIVOR OF EARTH'S COLONY ON PLUTO.

CRACK

FLAM

AND CLOSE BEHIND... THE RAMPAGING FORM OF  
CHARLIE-27, LAST OF EARTH'S JUPITER COLONISTS...

...LIKE MARTINEX,  
A PRODUCT OF  
ADVANCED  
GENETIC  
ENGINEER-

...BUT WITH ELEVEN  
TIMES THE MASS OF HIS  
TERRAN ANCESTORS.

AND EVEN THE  
NERVELESS,  
MINDLESS ZOMS,  
HUMAN SLAVES  
TO THE BADOON.  
NOTICE THE  
DIFFERENCE.

"NOT ALL THE SHADES OF DEATH NOR VILAINY CAN SAVE A WORLD FROM NIGHT."

TO HIS SURPRISE, NIGHTHAWK, THE LONE DEFENDER IN THE PRAY FINDS THAT THE ETERNAL DARK OF SPACE DOUBLES HIS STRENGTH AS SUNSET DOES ON EARTH. AND YET...



THE ZOMS DON'T FEEL PAIN, NIGHTHAWK! THEY'VE BEEN LOBOTOMIZED BY THE BADDOON-- PROGRAMMED TO HATE THEIR FELLOW EARTHMAN!



AS LOATHESOME AS IT SOUNDS, DEFENDER--

--THE ONLY WAY TO STOP THEM IS BY CRIPPLING THEM... OR THEIR MASTERS!



THE BADDOON HAVE DONE IT ALL THEN, HAVEN'T THEY--



WELL, IF THEY CAN DO IT--



TAKE NO JOY IN THAT NIGHTHAWK. REMEMBER... THERE ARE BUT **50** MILLION EARTH MEN LEFT ALIVE... **INCLUDING THE ZOMS.**

EVEN KNOWING WHAT THESE POOR SOULS HAVE BECOME...

...I HESITATE TO UNLEASH MY FULL CRYOGENIC POWER UPON THEM.



MY ORDERS ARE TO SEIZE THIS VESSEL **INTACT**. I'VE THUS EMPLOYED ONLY THE MOST **MILD WEAPONRY**.

BUT EVEN A BADDON STUN-PISTOL AT SUCH CLOSE RANGE AS THIS...

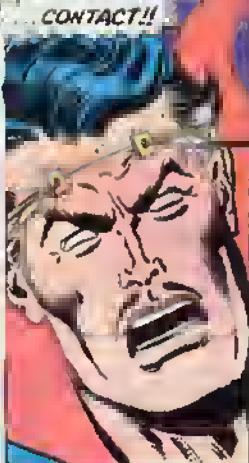
EXCELLENT! THEN I SUGGEST WE PROCEED AT ONCE TO YOUR MYSTERIOUS POWER SOURCE!

YOU NEED SAY NO MORE. YOUR POINT HAS BEEN MADE.

FROM THE STARSHIP'S BRIDGE, THE MIND OF THE SORCERER SUPREME - STILL TIED-IN TO THE SENSOR BANK - CONTINUES ITS GALAXY-SPANNING SEARCH.

PROBING... ANALYZING DATA WITH COMPUTER RAPIDITY... REACHING OUT INTO THE CLUSTERS OF STARS... THIS SUN TOO HOT... THIS ONE, TOO COOL... THAT ONE... THAT ONE...

CONTACT!!



FAMILIAR VIBRATIONS... PLANET LOCATION: CAPILLA SYSTEM... HE'S FOUND THEM... SECOND PLANET FROM SUN... WITH A STRANGER... READINGS INDICATE RESIDUE OF SOLAR-TYPE ENERGY IN THIRD LIFE-FORM...

THE WOMAN BEEMS WELL ENOUGH TO TRAVEL. LET US BEGIN THE TREK.



CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE



"VENESIA--  
CITY OF THE  
SISTERHOOD  
OF BADOOON!!"

A METALLIC  
METROPOLIS--  
AFCLOAT ON THE  
SWAMPWORLD'S  
SHALLOW WATERS--  
WITH CANALS AS  
THOROUGHFARES--

--AND THE SWAMP  
CREATURES WHOM  
WE BATTLED... AS  
INHABITANTS!

A WORK OF  
ART, WOULDN'T  
YOU SAY?  
HARDLY THE  
DOMAIN OF  
MINDLESS  
BEASTS.

WHOA--REVERSE THRUST, MISTER!  
IF THOSE BEINGS ARE INTELLIGENT--  
AND IF THEY'RE BADOOON--WE'RE  
NOT WELCOME HERE!

HAVE YOU  
YET TO  
UNDER-  
STAND ALL  
I'VE TOLD  
YOU,  
MAJOR?

YOUR ENEMY IS THE  
BROTHERHOOD OF  
BADOOON--NOT ITS  
DISTAFF COUNTERPART.

SO IT WOULD  
APPEAR.  
VANCE--LOOK!

WE BRING  
GREETINGS  
FROM THE  
PALACE  
ROYAL. WE  
ARE TO BE  
YOUR  
ESCORT.

THE QUEEN  
DESIRSES  
AUDIENCE  
WITH THE  
OUTWORLDERS.

VAL AND ASTRO'S INCREDULITY IS FULLY MATCHED BY THAT OF A CERTAIN BADGE COMMANDER, BACK IN EARTH-ORBIT...



FLAGRANT LIES! NO HUMAN BRAIN COULD EXIT A PROBE OF SUCH INTENSITY...

LEAST OF ALL, THE BRAIN OF A PINK-SKINNED CORPSE!



"FOR IF THE COMPUTER'S CALCULATIONS WEREN'T CORRECT, I CAN LOCATE THE HULK AND YONDU--"

"...BY PROCEEDING PRECISELY THE SAME DISTANCE AT PRECISELY THE OPPOSITE ANGLE FROM THE COURSE WHICH WILL LEAD ME TO VALKYRIE AND VANCE ASTRO."

THAT SECOND TRAJECTORY, WHEN AND IF DR. STRANGE FOLLOWS IT, WILL TAKE HIM TO A DORGAROOS' WORLD RULED BY THE SLACK-JOWLED EMPEROR GOOZOT, MASTER OF THE GAMES... A WORLD OF BIZARRE TECHNOLOGICAL INTERMIX, WHERE ROBOTS COEXIST WITH MEDIEVAL DUNGEONS...

...WHERE, EVEN NOW, THE JADE GIANT OF THE DEFENDERS AND THE WEAPONS MASTER OF THE GUARDIANS, ARE BEING GARRISONED TO BATTLE FOR THEIR LIVES.

"UH-AH--?" --MARY.

MAGNIFICENT!  
THEY'LL MAKE  
EVEN BETTER  
CONTENDERS  
THAN I D  
DREAMED!

WE'LL  
AWAIT  
THEM IN  
THE ARENA.  
COME MY  
PRETTIES...!

THE EMPEROR BARELY MENDS  
THE WORDS OF HIS LOVELY  
COURTESAN... NOR DOES HE  
NOTICE, IN HIS MOOD OF CLE-  
GATION, THAT SHE Lingers  
BEING...

I AM  
CURIOS,  
GREEN ONE.  
YOU ARE  
SO UNLIKE  
THE MEN  
OF OUR  
PLACE.

I KNOW... HELD IN HYPNOTIC  
THRALL AS YOU ARE, YOU  
CANNOT EVEN HAVE FELT MY  
TOUCH UPON YOUR FACE.

BUT YOU WILL  
ONE DAY, I  
PROMISE YOU...  
IF AS I EXPECT,  
YOU SURVIVE...

AYE,  
IN A  
MOMENT,  
GOOZOT.

YOUR LIMBS  
ARE HARD AND  
STRONG... NOT  
PLACID AND  
WEAK WITH  
THE WEIGHT  
OF TOO MUCH  
DRINK.

"...THE GAME!"

**RA-TA-TA-TA-TA-TA!**

GOOZOT GOOZOT GOOZOT

GOOD EVENING, LADIES AND GENTS—  
AND WELCOME ONCE AGAIN TO THE GAME  
WHERE ONE WRONG MOVE CAN BE YOUR  
LAST!

YES, GOOZOTIANS,  
THIS IS--  
**SUPER-DEATH  
SWEEPSTAKES!!**

YAY,  
DEATH!  
YAAAAY!!

SO LET'S  
BRING ON OUR  
CONTESTANTS  
PLEASE!

VOICE OVER: "HON. TEE,  
FACING THE ULTIMATE  
GIVEAWAY ON OUR SHOW  
TONIGHT, WE'RE PROUD  
TO PRESENT NOT ONE,  
BUT TWO GIFT-  
CONTESTANTS FROM  
OUR FRIENDS, THE  
BROTHERHOOD OF  
BADDON!"

"MEET MISTER  
GREEN AND MISTER  
BLUE!"

AND ONE  
LOOK IS ALL  
IT TAKES,  
FOLKS, TO  
TELL YOU  
WE'VE GOT  
ONE HECKUVA  
SHOW  
FOR YOU  
TONIGHT!

**SUPER-  
DEATH  
SWEEPSTAKES**

AND IN THE STREETS OF THE CITY, WHERE PUBLIC TELEVISION  
MAKES THE BROADCAST AVAILABLE TO ALL THE POPULACE...

FIVE GAAKS ON  
MR. GREEN TO  
SURVIVE!

YOU'RE ON! AND TEN  
GAAKS MR. BLUE DOESN'T  
MAKE IT THROUGH  
ONE ROUND!

THIS IS THE **BEST** DEATH-FESTIVAL WE'VE HAD IN YEARS!

ALRIGHTEE, PANELISTS,  
IT'S TIME TO **CHOOSE**  
A DEATH FOR MR. BLUE!

HAVE YOU  
REACHED  
YOUR  
DECISION?

WE SURE HAVE,  
MON-TEE. WE  
WANT--DEATH BY  
**IMPALEMENT!**

TER-RIFIC,  
PANEL!

IMPALEMENT IT IS! NOW WATCH AS  
OUR SUPER-DEATH **TOTALIZER**  
FLASHES MR. BLUE AWAY TO A  
SOUNDPROOF ROOM NEARBY!

THERE HE  
GOES--  
TO BE  
**TOTALLED!**

\* WE'RE TRANSLATING TO EARTH-EQUIVALENT  
COLLOQUIALISMS, OF COURSE.-- M.W.

**SWASH!**

"NOW REMEMBER, FOLKS, YOU'RE SEEING ALL THE  
ACTION AS IT HAPPENS, THROUGH OUR HIDDEN  
CAMERA EYE. MR. BLUE HAS FLASHED INTO A ROOM  
WITH A FLOOR SLANTED AT A 45-DEGREE  
ANGLE, AND CHECK OUT HIS FACE, FRIENDS...

BY THE  
THREE  
SUNS--!

"...AS HE REALIZES HE'S  
FACING A TRIO OF OUR  
SPEAR-ARMED ROBOT  
STAGEHANDS! HERE WE  
GO! ONE--TWO--THREE--



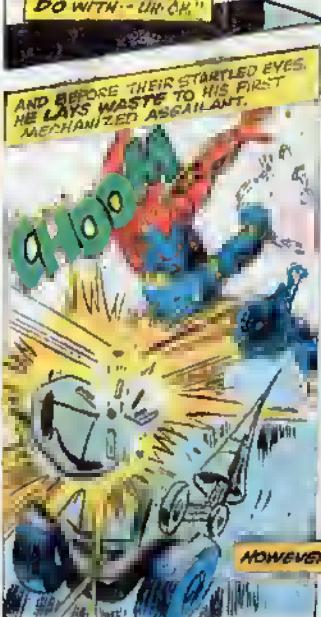
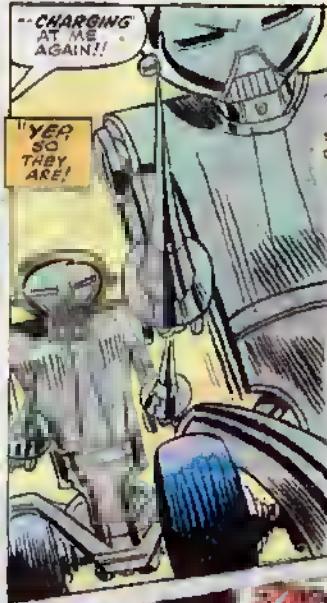
**CHUCKACHACA**



...AND THEN AGAIN, MAYBE NOT.

TRUEY, THIS  
IS A PLANET  
OF MADMEN!!





IT APPEARS SO... UNTIL THE METAL MAN OPENS ITS "MOUTH" AND STICKS OUT ITS "TONGUE", A SILVER-BRIGHT ALLOY BLADE ON AN ACCORDION HINGE...



THIS IS IT, FOLKS-- THE MOMENT YOU'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR! WATCH CLOSELY--



"YES... YES, THE POINT'S COMING CLOSER! IT'S GOING TO-- NO, WAIT! LOOK AT MR. BLUE STRUGGLE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!"



"HE'S TENSED THE CHAIN ON THE ROBOT'S NECK! HE'S PUSHING-- PUSHING WITH ALL HIS MIGHT TO HOLD THE BLADE BACK!"



"AND NOW-- GREAT GNAKOS, FOLKS-- HE'S TORN THE ROBOT'S HEAD CLEAN OFF!"



"HE'S WON THE SUPER-DEATH SWEEPSTAKES! LET'S BRING HIM BACK TO THE STUDIO--"



-- AND GIVE THE MAN A ROUSING ROUND OF APPLAUSE, WHAT DO YOU SAY?



GUARDS!! SURROUND HIM AT ONCE!



CUT:



TO THE PALACE  
ROYAL OF THE  
SISTERHOOD OF  
BADOON, ON THE  
SWAMPWORLD.

HAIL,  
QUEEN  
TOLARIA!

HAIL TO YOU  
ALSO,  
STARHAWK—  
AND TO THE  
TERRANS.  
THE  
SISTERHOOD  
EXTENDS ITS  
WELCOME.

THIS IS 'INSANITY,' A CITY  
AS TECHNOLOGICALLY  
ADVANCED AS ANY ON  
EARTH— BUILT BY  
SAVAGES! A  
BADOON QUEEN,  
BIDDING AN EARTH-  
MAN "WELCOME"?



A MISAPPREHENSION ON YOUR  
PART, MAJOR. THE SISTERS  
YOU MET IN THE SWAMP WERE  
NOT MINDLESS BERSERKERS...  
BUT VICTIMS OF BADOON  
BIOLOGY.



"THE BADOON EVOLVED ON THIS VERY  
WORLD, MANY MILLIONS OF YOUR  
YEARS AGO.

"INDEED, OUR RACE IS  
OLDER THAN  
THE KREE... OLDER  
THAN THE SKRULLS...  
...AND YET WE  
REACHED TECH-  
NOLOGICAL Maturity  
ONLY RECENTLY,  
COSMICALLY SPEAKING...

"...DUE TO AN  
INBORN  
GENETIC  
DEFECT.



"THE MALE BADOON HATED THE  
FEMALE— AND VICE VERSA; THE  
RESULT, OF COURSE, WAS AN ONGOING  
WAR OF THE SEXES SUCH AS YOUR  
WORLD HAS NEVER KNOWN.

"MATING WAS  
ACCOMPLISHED  
ONLY THRU FORCE.  
PROGRESS OF ANY  
SORT WAS  
IMPOSSIBLE.



BUT I SENSE  
YOU ARE NOT  
CONVERSANT  
WITH THE  
HISTORY OF

ENLIGHTEN  
YOU MAJOR?

"NATURE COMPENSATED BY ALLOWING  
THE MATING URGE TO STRIKE ONLY  
ONCE IN EACH BADOON LIFESPAN, BUT  
WHEN IT DOES, WE ARE REDUCED— MALE  
AND FEMALE ALIKE— TO ANIMALS.

"THOUGH FIERCE AND STRONGER THAN THE MALES OF OUR SPECIES, WE BADDOON FEMALE LACKED THEIR CUNNING, THEIR SLYNESS."



"AND WHILE WE TOILED WITH OUR HANDS, GUARDED BY AND SEGREGATED FROM THE MALES EXCEPT FOR MATING PURPOSES... THEY SET ABOUT EVOLVING A TECHNOLOGY, AND THAT WAS THE STATE OF AFFAIRS FOR A FEW THOUSAND SUN CYCLES AS THE BROTHERHOOD PROGRESSED FROM SPEARS...



"...TO SPACESHIPS.

"AND THEN THE ULTIMATE SEGREGATION OCCURRED.

"THE MALES DESERTED THIS WORLD..."

"WHEN THE MATING IS DONE THEY REMAIN TO COLLECT AND CODE THE EGGS FROM WHICH THE MIGHTY BADDON WILL EMERGE."



"AND THOSE EGGS ARE TRANSPORTED TO THE PLANET-HOME OF THE BROTHERHOOD, WHERE THEY ARE HATCHED IN INCUBATORS."



OR COURSE, THEY HAVE NEITHER THE DESIRE NOR THE BIOLOGICAL INCLINATION TO RAISE THE OFFSPRING WHICH HATCH AS FEMALE, AND SO THESE ARE RETURNED TO THE SWAMP WORLD... AND THE SISTERHOOD, TOO, IF PERPETUATED.

THE BROTHERHOOD KNOWS NOTHING OF OUR ADVANCES SINCE THEIR EXODUS, SO WE APPEAR NO THREAT TO THEM.



DO YOU'VE REMAINED SLAVES TO THE MALES' SYSTEM. IT'S NICE AND SAFE AS LONG AS YOU STAY CONFINED TO THIS WORLD AND NO QUESTIONS ARE ASKED.

HAD IT NEVER OCCURRED TO YOU... TO REVOLT? TO THROW OFF THE CONSTRICCTIONS PLACED UPON YOU?



WHY? OUR EXISTENCE HERE IS ALL WE DESIRE... PEACE AMONG OURSELVES AND WITH THE MALE OF OUR SPECIES.

AND IF THE REST OF THE MILKY WAY WANTS YOU DEAD -- THAT DOESN'T MATTER?



WHAT INTEREST WOULD THOSE OTHER WORLDS HAVE IN US?

AS THE PROGENITORS OF THE BROTHERHOOD, PLENTY! WHILE YOU'VE KEPT YOURSELVES CLOSED OFF HERE...

...THE MALES HAVE ESTABLISHED AN EMPIRE... PLUNDERED THE GALAXY...

WERE YOU TRULY UNAWARE?



WE HAD ASSUMED... THE BROTHERHOOD'S CULTURE HAD PROGRESSED IN A SIMILAR FASHION TO OUR OWN.

THE MALES' TREATMENT OF US WAS A PHYSIOLOGICAL NECESSITY. WE NEVER BELIEVED...

EVEN ON THIS WORLD, IT NEVER EXTENDED TO OTHER

THEY WERE A GENTLE BREED, ACTUALLY. WE RATHER ENJOYED THE COURTESY THEY ACCORDED THEIR PETS AND BEASTS OF BURDEN.

STARHAWK... DOES THIS TERRAN SPEAK THE TRUTH? ANSWER -- AS ONE WHO KNOWS.

HE DOES NOT LIE.



BUT I MAY  
SAY NO  
MORE GOOD  
QUEEN.

IT IS MY  
TIME  
NOW... TO  
DEPART.

THE SEED  
OF EARTH'S  
SALVATION  
HAS BEEN  
PLANTED...  
IN THIS  
FULFILLED.

NOW THE STARWINDS  
BECKON ME AGAIN.  
I FEEL THEIR TUG AT  
MY SOLAR SAILS.

I HEAR  
THEIR CALL  
TO RETURN  
TO THE  
VOID.

THUS UNTIL SUCH TIME AS  
THE SEED'S HARVEST  
SHALL BE REAPED... I MUST  
CAST MY LOT WITH THE  
COLD AND DARK.

SO SAYING, THE GOLDEN-WINGED  
MYSTERY-MAN HURLETS PAST THE  
SKY OF THE SWAMPWOOD, OUT INTO  
THE TRACKLESS REACHES OF SPACE...

OBSERVED ONLY BY THE  
STARTLED ASTRAL EYES  
OF DR. STRANGE.

FASCINATING...  
A HUMAN WHO  
VOYAGED UNAIDED  
THROUGH SPACE IN  
PHYSICAL FORM.

MORE FASCINATING...  
I'M CERTAIN HE FENSED  
MY APPROACH FROM  
THIS PLANET'S SURFACE...  
AND THAT MY COMING  
WAS THE STIMULUS  
FOR HIS DEPARTURE.

YET I DETECTED  
NO SORCEROUS  
ENERGIES WITHIN  
HIM... ONLY THE  
MEREST TRACE OF  
PSYCHIC ABILITY.

CURIOUS, BUT  
I CANNOT  
ALLOW MYSELF  
THE LUXURY OF  
REFLECTION  
UPON IT...

"...UNTIL MY WORK HERE IS DONE."

YOU HAVE MY WORD, TERRANS. THE SISTERHOOD SHALL INVESTIGATE ALL... WHAT?!!

QUEEN TOLARIA GAMES IN ASTONISHMENT AT THE WISPS OF SMOKE RISING FROM WHERE VAL AND VANCE STOOD THE MOMENT BEFORE.

HAVE THEY BEEN DESTROYED - REDUCED TO VAPOR? OR DID THEY VANISH OF THEIR OWN ACCORD? AND IF SO - OR EVEN IF NOT - DO THEY STILL LIVE... IN ANOTHER PLACE?



VAL - UNLESS I'VE GONE MAD - WE'RE BACK ON EARTH!!! I RECOGNIZE THIS CITY! IT'S --

HELA'S GHOSTS...

YOUR WHOLE WORLD IS WITNESSING THIS MOMENT, REBELS...



- WATCHING AS YOU PAY THE PRICE FOR DEFIADE OF THE FAR-FLUNG EMPIRE OF EARTH! ZOON!

"GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY" YOU CALL YOURSELVES? KEEFERS OF THE FLAME OF EARTH?

THEN LET EARTH SEE ITS GALAXY LEFT IMPERILED - ITS FLAME EXTINGUISHED!

BROTHERS OF THE EMPIRE - TAKE AIM!!



NEXT

# LET MY PLANET GO!